The True Northerner.

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HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

One day a farmer's lazy boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But the good man shouted in his ear,
"My boy, hoe out your row."

Although a "hard one" was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
The lad, as sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze,"
"I can," said he, and manfully,
He seized again his hoe,
And the good man smiled
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage, man! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil,
Always "hoe out your row."

CARTOUCHE.

Louis Dominique Cartouche, the son of a respectable, well-to-do wine-seller, was born at Paris in October, 1693. Anxious to secure for his son a higher position than he himself occupied, the father sent him to the College of Clermont, but his native instincts soon asserted themselves; he ran away and joined a party of gypsies. He was adopted as a child of the band, and his new friends formed the most sanguine anticipations as to his future. Bold, crafty, and inventive, he was nimble as an ape, pliant as an acrobat. To an unconquerable love of wandering, of pleasure, and idleness, he united a remarkable ability to endure, when necessary, privation and fatigue. After he had remained three years with the gypsies, they were abruptly ordered by the Parliament of Rouen to quit the province, and, as Cartouche was sick at the time, they left him behind. On his recovery he found himself alone and friendless in the streets of Rouen, without a single sou in his pocket.

By good luck he fell in with an uncle, who fed, clothed him, and sent him home, thereby affording him another opportunity for pursuing an honest career. A domestic life, however, had no charms for the ex-gypsy. After a few months tranquility he decamped from the paternal mansion one moonlight night with his father's money-box under his arm. He was then about seventeen years of age. Pocket-picking was the first branch of his future industry to which he devoted his talents. He formed a partnership with one Gaguis, and, between them, they were reaping a rich harvest, when one unlucky evening Cartouche's comrade was arrested and transmisted to Marseilles. This misadventure led our hero to turn his talents in another direction, and he took to dice and cards. Haunting the better hells, he used the skill acquired among the gypsies to such purpose that suspicions were awakened, and M. Cartouche was kicked into the street and debarred forever from that branch of industry. Tradition affirms that his next debut was in the character of a police spy. This, however, is apocryphal, and probably arose from the fact that when he appeared, as he soon did, as the organizer of a band of thieves, he exhibited ideas of discipline and subordination that, with his known character, must have been acquired from without.

Become at last an Ishmaelite, his hand against every one, and every one's hand against him, it became his constant care to impart to the skilled and desperate band which rallied around him an organization and discipline approximating as closely as possible to the military; he appointed lieutenants, sergeants, sentries, rallying and pass words, and spared no detail to insure the perfection of the instrument under his control. This completed, the campaign opened with night skirmishing. Thus some three or four of the band would pounce upon an unwary citizen, whom a blow on the head from a loaded bludgeon reduced to temporary silence. When the victim regained sufficient consciousness to give an alarm, the troop was at a safe distance, arranging the next affair. Paris was regularly apportioned into districts, one of which was alloted each night to some particular detachment of the band.

Become aware of the existence of an organized system of crime, the city, in alarm, appealed to its natural protector, M. D'Argenson, head of the police, but found little consolation. Police there were in abundance, but no controlling power, order, or system. Each worked for himself. They plundered the robber and the robbed alike. Selected without reference to their antecedents, many had served in the galleys, and many more bore the convict's brand on their shoulders. Miserably paid, they were perpetually opposed to the temptation of a bribe, and it was not long before the sheep-dog became almost as dangerous to the flock as the wolf himself.

It was in 1720 that the terror inspired by Cartouche's band reached its climax. They held virtual possession of the capital, especially by night. Their depredations were conducted with the military order and precision so much inculcated by their great leader. A party would assemble before some rich mansion. Then some huge fellow—very frequently one Simon Once, a brawny ex-porter—would offer his gigantic shoulders as the base of a living pyramid, which, formed by the lighter and more agile members of the gang, speedly reached the lower windows. Some panes were adroitly removed, the apartments entered, and the most attractive objects began to glide down a chain of ready hands till the pillage was complete.

The gang hunted noble game. In September, 1720, they invaded the residence of the Spanish ambassador, and stripped the chamber of the ambassadress, seizing a magnificent pearl necklace, a brooch with twenty-seven large diamonds, a rich table service of gold, and the lady's entire wardrobe. In the Palais Royal, then occupied by the regent, they stole two of his silver flambeaux. At the Louvre, Cartouche's brother possessed himself of the sword and mantle of the Prince de Soubise, while the regent himself was robbed one night on leaving the opera. Here, however, the laugh was on the other side, as, purposely to deceive the robbers, he had caused his sword-hilt to be richly chased—in steel.

Now that the inconvenience of such a state of things began to be felt in the very highest society, Government set itself seriously to the task of reform. A little incident helped to spur it on. One May morning in 1721 some laborers came upon the body of a murdered man. It proved to be that of an obscure poet named Vergier. What could possess any one to kill a poet, and so poor a one at that, was a puzzle, till some one suggested it was the regent's work. Philippe d'Orleans was black enough, in all conscience, but rumor painted him in still deeper colors. In a series of rhymed philippics he had been branded with every conceivable crime. What more natural, said the public, than that he should employ Cartouche's band to wreck his vengeance on the poet who had held him up to ridicule and shame. To be sure, Vergier was not the one who had written the verses in question, but the Cartouchians could hardly be assumed to be familiar with such gentry as starving poets, and in their zeal to execute their master's orders had mistaken the man. Stories such as this circulating through Paris caused the regent to bestir himself, and the authorities loudly demanded Cartouche; but, of course, it was much easier to ask for him than to get him.

Another murder now occurred to add the public agitation. Cartouche and his band were carousing at a *cabaret*, when they got into an altercation with some workmen at an adjoining table. A row ensued; swords and pistols were freely used. The police rushed in, and one of them, Mondelot, fell dead from a shot fired, it was declared, by a female Cartouchian named Manon-le-Roy. It is at least certain that this distinguished lady always carried arms, and equally so that when, some time afterward, she was arrested, she intrenched herself behind her bed and for half an hour kept the whole posse of police at bay. The murderers of Vergier and Mondelot brought the name of Cartouche prominently before the public. Henceforward every audacious crime was laid to his charge. Desperate attempts were made to capture the formidable thief, but this dexterity and skillfulness in changing his costume stood him good friends. The loose, half-fitting cloak, blue on one side, red on the other, and capable of being reversed in a moment of time, owns him for godfather. The police would be in hot pursuit of a man in red who fled like a deer around a corner. When the pursuers followed on his track he had disappeared, but they encountered a sedate individual in blue strolling quietly toward them, who had seen the aforesaid man in red dart into a neighboring house or disappear down some other street.

On one occasion the police, hearing a row in the house of a pretty lemonade-seller known as Margot the Nun, made a descent. They found a little man, half drunk, tearing around the room, firing pistols right and left, to the admiration of a mixed company of both sexes. He was arrested, and after a while represented himself to be an honest chocolate seller in the Rue Comedie-Francais, who had unfortunately taken a drop too much. He was allowed to go after depositing 100 livres and a gold snuff-box as security for his reappearance. No complaint was made against him, and in a few days he called at police headquarters and reclaimed his property. It was Cartouche.

In December, 1720, he was captured and confined in Fort l'Eveque, but in spite of the terror inspired by this redoubtable robber, so slight were the precautions taken for guarding him that he three months later effected his escape. The authorities roused themselves to unusual efforts for his recapture, and hereupon an odd incident occurred. As the officer of the criminal court was uttering the usual proclamation with sound of trumpet and outcry, calling upon Cartouche to appear within eight days and answer to the charge of murder, and had come to the words, "In the King's name we do command the person called 'Cartouche'"—

"Present, Cartouche!" shouted a voice in the center of the crowd, that turned the whole body, archers, trumpeters, citizens, and all into a frenzy of rage and agitation. It was Cartouche himself, but he had vanished.

Two persons now entered into a solemn league and covenant to pursue the impalpable robber without rest or respite till he should be slain or taken; these were Huron and Pepin, bold and clever officers in the service of the police. The chase opened ill for our hero; Huron tracked him so hotly as to exchange pistol-shots with him, by which Cartouche was said to have been seriously wounded. It is certain that, either to escape this persevering foe or to recover from his alleged hurts, he disappeared for three entire months from criminal history, and the police exultingly assured the public that he was driven from the capital. They were soon made painfully aware of his return.

A very large reward was now set on his head, and Huron and Pepin again devoted themselves to their task. The zeal of both these officers proved fatal to them. The former had one evening tracked Cartouche to a notorious robber haunt. Finding themselves likely to be surrounded, the band, like wolves at bay, turned suddenly upon Huron and his followers. The officer received several pistol shots, and was then cut down by Cartouche himself. A few days later the robber chief, while taking a quiet stroll with Madeleine Beaulieu, a woman belonging to the gang, perceived Pepin at his heels. Turning suddenly on their pursuer, Madeleine attacked him with large stones, while Cartouche ran him through the body.

A regular organized attempt was next made, under the direction of an Aide-major of the Gardes-Francies (Pekom), who selected ninety of his best men and sent them in various disguises, but well armed, in quest of the single robber chief. At this critical period of his fortunes occurred what was known as the affair of the Hotel Desmarets. Nicolas Desmarets, nephew of the great Colbert, died on the 6th of May at his hotel in the Rue des Petits Augustins. This wealthy residence Cartouche resolved should be thoroughly pillaged. A chosen band, commanded by their chief in person, forced an entrance and were busily at work in the rich saloons when one of their lookouts announced the approach of an absolute army of police. The danger signal had hardly been given before the enemy appeared. A fierce fight commenced—from room to room, from stair to stair. The robbers fought stoutly, but their amunition failed, and they were overborne by numbers. Sauve qui peut became the order of the day. Cartouche escaped by a chimney, gained the roof, and descended at some distance in the garret of a good-natured mechanic, to whom he represented himself as a man pursued by his merciless creditors. His host sympathized with him, provided him with a disguise, and once more he broke through the toils.

The regent now doubled the reward and offered a free pardon to any one, no matter how guilty, who should betray his chief. Distrust now spread through the band, and two murders of suspected traitors quickly followed. But the hour of retribution was at hand. One Duchatalet—next to Cartouche the most ferocious of human tigers—acknowledged to himself that the game was nearly up. Plunged, as he was, in the deepest and deadliest crime, he saw but one chance of safety, and that was to denounce his chief. He made a bargain with Pekom, the Aide-major of the Gardes-Fracaises, procured a promise of pardon from the regent, and then conducted a picked body of men to the robber's lair. Cartouche was taken so completely by surprise that he was secured almost without a struggle, although he had six loaded pistols ready to his hand. He was conducted to the Chatelet, and the process advanced quickly. Duchatelet, certain of reprieve, confessed to certain burglaries and murders, in which Cartouche had taken part. Notwithstanding this, the latter stoutly protested his innocence, and denied his identity, calling himself one Jean Bourguignon, a countryman.

Meanwhile he was well cared for, he received crowds of distinguished visitors, and fashionable ladies attended his levees. The most distinguished of these was the Marechale de Boufflers, widow of the gallant general who lost the battle of Malplaquet. One warm summer night in July, 1721, just as the lady had retired to bed, leaving her window a little open for air, she drew the curtain aside, and to her horror saw a man's face close to her own. She made a snatch for the bell cords, but the intruder seized her hands, opened his blouse, displaying a rich but faded costume, with a complete armory of silver-mounted pistols and knives, and introduced himself as Louis Dominique Cartouche. He had narrowly escaped the watchful eyes of the police, then in hot pursuit of him, by climbing the balcony; no one, he said, would dream of looking for him there, and he proposed to remain. He was hungry and tired, however, and wanted supper and a bed. Quaking with fear, the Marechale rang the bell, ordered her astonished servants to bring a hearty supper and a bottle of champagne, and when it came locked her door and watched the voracious robber as he disposed of all that was set before him. His repast ended, he apologized for incommoding her, stretched himself out on the sofa in her dressing-room and went to sleep. At 3 a. m. he rose, bade her good-day and vanished. She sprang out of bed, closed the windows, and alarmed the house. Search was made among the valuables, but not an article was missing; even the costly silver used for the supper had been spared by the eccentric thief. Some days later the Marechale received a basket of excellent champagne (stolen from a Parisian wine merchant) with the compliments of M. Cartouche.

The robber chief had been placed in one of those horrible subterranean dungeons destroyed in 1780 by the humane command of Louis XVI. He had a companion in trouble who had formerly worked as a stone mason; together they succeeded in making a breach in the wall of their cell, thence following a ditch connected with the sewerage of the prison they broke into the cellar of a neighboring house. Here, however, fortune ceased to befriend them; Cartouche was rearrested while endeavoring to leave the house and placed in closer custody than before.

His trial went forward with unexampled rapidity, and on Nov. 28, 1721, Cartouch and four of his companions were ordered to be broken on the wheel, after having been previously submitted to the question ordinary and extraordinary, with the view of extorting confession. The *proces verbal* relating to Cartouch reports the application of the question in the form of the brodequins or boots. These were wooden frames fitted to the legs, into which wedges of increasing size were forcibly driven until the legs of the sufferer were reduced to a pulp. On the application of the first, second, and third wedge, answered that he was innocent. At the fourth answered that he knew not what they were speaking of. At the fifth that he was innocent—was dying. At the sixth that he had done all that was required of him; had done no wrong; was dying. At the seventh, was innocent—no accomplices. At the eight and last, was innocent.

Although he thus refused to confess under torture, he became communicative enough when he reached the scaffold, protesting, however, much to his credit, that he had never robbed a church, although often incited to do so by DucLatelet. He absolved his own family with especial earnestness from any share in his misdoings. He refrained from denunciations, even of those who had deserted or betrayed him, excepting only Duchatelet, toward whom he evinced intense scorn and hatred. But in revenge he was unsparing in respect to the spies and receivers of the gang, whom he denounced by the score. He avowed himself the head and chief of the numerous band, so long the terror of the capital, an assertion amply confirmed by the confusion and indiscipline, which on his decease became suddenly perceptible to the ranks of crime. To the last two questions addressed to him, whether any person of condition belonged to his band, and whether he had ever accepted bribes to murder, he replied emphatically in the negative.

Cartouche's was the first of a long series of executions. For several month the Place de Greve saw some unfortunate wretch hanged or broken. His name and memory seemed to engender robbers, and it was a long time before the effects of that powerful impulse which, by carefully organizing it, he had given to crime had passed away.

Castelar on the Eastern Question.

The New York *Herald* publishes an article on the war feeling in Europe, from ex-President Castelar. In regard to the Eastern question, he says:

"There is but one cause for war, a considerable cause—the Eastern question. But the Eastern question may not lead to immediate conflict. The two nations most interested and compromised in that affair have, and do still, unless they have recently changed their opinion, wisely abstained from any view having an extreme or exaggerated character. England does not maintain, as in other times, even to the point of the sword, the inviolable integrity of the Turkish empire; neither does Russia act with such promptness as she was wont to do in the holy city of Constantine. Each has had her ardor moderated through the cooling influence of experience. England knows that in order to oppose Russia she requires to regain the Western support she lost completely through her neglect to protest, in any way, against the consummation of the unhappy dismemberment of France. Russia, on her part, knows that in order to turn the Eastern question to account she must complete her great system of railroads and the armament of the numerous contingent of her reserves. At this moment, by tacit consent, the nations of the north, as well as those of the interior of Europe, have accepted the principal initiative, and the important note of that Austrian empire which was so much denounced when she cast the shade of death over Germany and Italy. But at this time, also, her mediation may deaden the tremendous shock of Eastern Europe with Europe of the West, a shock that might occasion many awful disasters. Geography has an immense influence in politics, and geography imposes upon Austria and the Turks various limited intersections between the two peoples and their multiple populations. Again, the Austro-Hungarian empire exercises its authority over an immense multitude of slaves just as Turkey does—slaves of Bohemia, Galicia, Croatia, and the whole of ancient Illyria."

A Texas Incident.

The Waco (Texas) *Examiner*, of the 4th inst., has a paragraph headed, "Neatly Done," which reads: "A young man living some ten or fifteen miles above the city was awakened one night recently by the suspicious barking and growling of his dogs in the yard. Rising lightly from bed, he peeped out through the window pane, and there sure enough, he discovered the cause of the disturbance. Dimly outlined in the moonlight stood the form of a man. With one hand he was evidently untying the gentleman's fine horse, which stood haltered for the night, while with the other he held a six-shooter, pointing directly at the front door. Taking in the situation at a glance, our young friend gently reached for his shot-gun, and, passing out at the back door and round the corner, opened the attack from an unexpected and wholly ungarded quarter. Under this skillful generalship the enemy came down while in the act of mounting, and without even so much as responding to the first fire. The deceased was buried without the honors of either peace or war."

France's Recovery.

The marvelous recuperation of France is again proved by Leon Say's budget for 1877. In 1869, the last complete year before the war, the revenue amounted to 1,400,000,000 francs; the expenditure for 1877 is estimated at the enormous sum of 2,120,000,000 francs, which shows that in eight years the taxation of France has increased fifty per cent., the excess over last year's expenditure being 50,000,000 francs. For the army and navy 730,000,000 francs are allotted, but for education only 40,000,000 francs.

A. T. Stewart's Business Methods.

Mr. Stewart was a strictly just but not a generous man in his dealings. He always kept his own word scrupulously, and required others to do the same. If he promised to pay a dollar, he paid a dollar, and if a man promised him a dollar, nothing less than the dollar would satisfy him. Hence he got the reputtutation of being hard and exacting, and consequently was rather unpopular. He was also a strictly truthful man. He never told lies, nor asked anybody in his employ to tell them. The foundation of his business success was the reputation, which his establishment gained at an early day, for describing goods exactly as they were, offering them at the lowest price intended to be taken, and then making no deviations. When he first opened his store it was the custom of sellers and buyers to chaffer over their transactions. The dealer asked more than he intended to take, and the buyer offered less than he intended to give, and a long debate followed. The result was that timid people, women and young persons, were very glad to find a place where they could look at goods, ask prices, and then have nothing more to do than to make up their minds whether to take them or leave them. Mr. Stewart also had the reputation of paying the lowest market rate of salaries to his clerks. This was partly owing to his natural shrewdness, and partly to the fact that he was constantly overwhelmed with applications for situations. Having only to pick from a great number who offered themselves, and who were anxious for employment on any terms, he found it easy to secure clerks at salaries far below those that many other employers were compeled to pay. But whatever he promised to pay was paid punctually and fully. And in the course of his long career it has never been alleged against him that he ever defrauded man or child of a cent. At the same time he required of all the fullest performance of the duties that they undertook, and a very slight failure was in his eyes sufficient cause for dismissal. As an illustration of his business tact, it is mentioned that on opening his great retail store he instructed his clerks to pay particular attention to the poor women who entered at the Fourth avenue doors, his object being to break up the Bowery trade. And he did it effectually.—*New York Tribune.*

The Mexican Revolution.

Gen. Porfirio Diaz, the revolutionary leader who has seized Matamoras and appears to be making such headway against the Mexican Government, is well known in the political and military history of that republic. He was regarded as the hero against the empire, and it was he who besieged and captured the city of Mexico from the Austrians, Belgians and Mexican adherents of Maximilian, who held out after the fall of Queretaro. He was a candidate against Juarez in 1867, and again in 1871. In the latter election he claimed to have received a plurality of votes, but Congress decided against him, and he appealed to arms and organized a serious revolution. Juarez died in 1873, and Lerdo, then Chief-justice of the Supreme court, succeeded him as President *ad interim*. A general amnesty was issued, and Diaz laid down his arms. In the regular election for President which followed, Lerdo was elected without opposition, Diaz declining to become a candidate against him. But the administration of Lerdo has not been popular, and for some time it has been evident that a revolution was inevitable. The first intimation came from the State of Michoacan, but they were not of a character to excite alarm. Two or three months since, however, a programme was proclaimed from the town of Trexpec, in Oaxaca, which declared in favor of the Constitution of 1857, repudiated the present Government entirely, and pronounced in favor of Diaz as "General-in-chief of the regenerating armies." The plan was approved by the mountain towns, a force was gathered, and the capital of the State captured. From that day to this, though suffering defeat now and then at the hands of the Government troops, the revolutionists have been gaining strength.

Dangerous Somnambulism.

As the north-bound passenger train on the Virginia Midland road, due here at 6 a. m., was approaching Charlottesville last night, a young man who had been soundly slumbering in his seat, was seen suddenly to leap up, rush to the door of the car, and spring to the ground. Capt. Peyton rang the bell, but as the train was rushing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, it had gone considerable distance before it was brought to a standstill. It was started back, and the young man was met, running at full speed, and making night hideous with his screams to "stop the cars." He was taken aboard, and an examination developed the fact that his injuries amounted to nothing worse than a skinned nose and a slight abrasion upon his hip, caused by a pistol in his pocket, which, strange to say, had not been discharged by the jar. The young man's explanation was that he dreamed there was a collision and he jumped off to save himself.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

In 1875, 222 persons were killed in London by being run over by vehicles, and nearly 3,000 others were injured in the same way. Of these victims some were infirm and a few intoxicated, but this was not the case with many; so that the accidents must be attributed to reckless driving.

A man who has nothing to seize is in easy circumstances.

Pith and Point.

An intemperate printer is a typographical errer.

Captured battle flags should be of subdued colors.

Books most influenced by hard times are pocket-books.

"V. R. B. E. I. I." are the new initials of the Queen—"Victoria Regina Britanniæ et Indorum Imperatrix."

There are more dinners spoiled by the bad temper of husbands than by the poor cooking of wives.

Aunt (in alarm)—"Surely you've eaten enough, haven't you, Tommy?" Tommy (in doubt)—"F-f-feel me!"

Let the youth who stands at a bar with a glass of liquor in his hand consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

Washington has now got to be a city of considerable sighs; which doubtless accounts, says Spilkins, for making it once more the Ah, me! headquarters.

The Britons whisper confidentially to each editor "Hif this Weston is such a bloody himmense pedestrian, why doesn't 'e foot 'is hexpenses, you know?"

A Massachusetts girl had an attack of the lock-jaw from using chewing-gum. After the physician had given her up, somebody called her "red-headed," and that cured her.

"I doesn't want no lawyer. I'se gwine to tell the troof dis time," is what a regular customer at the Recorder's court told his honor, when that functionary inquired if he had engaged legal assistance.—*San Antonio Herald.*

Why the English should be continually singing "God save the Queen" is more than a reasonable man can conjecture. It is always advisable to save the Jack; but the queen only counts two for game, and is always a good card to throw away.

Some people seem to be extremely sensitive. At one of the churches, Sunday, the minister read the prayer for a person in deep affliction, and a man who had just been married got up and went out. He said he didn't want public sympathy obtruded on him in that way.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

Scene on an English railway train: No. 1—"Rather remarkable, ain't it, sir? But 'ave you never noticed as mostly all the places on this line begins with an 'H?'" No. 2—"Aw—'beg your pardon." No. 1—"Look at 'em. 'Ampstead, 'Ighgate, 'Ackney, 'Omerton, 'Endon, 'Arrow, 'Olloway, and 'Ornsey."—*Punch.*

Providence is at war with hair dye, and sooner or later punishes the man who uses it. "Bill Smalley," shrieked a Kansas belle, suddenly jerking her shoulder from under her lover's head and spilling him ignominiously on the floor, "you can't make a piller of me no more—your hair smells like old iron filin's."—*Brooklyn Argus.*

SNOW-FLAKES.

Whenever a snow-flake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-bye!
Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!"
Then lightly travels on its way.
And when a snow-flake finds a tree,
"Good-day!" it says—"Good-day to thee!"
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."
But when a snow-flake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts—"How warm and soft the day!
'T is summer!"—and it melts away.

—*St. Nicholas for May.*

During the drizzling rain yesterday a Woodward avenue car jumped the track and almost struck the curbstone. The driver said he'd have it back on the track in about a minute, but the only lady on the car at once stepped off into the rain. "You'll get wet—you'd better stay inside," called the driver. "Never mind the rain," she pleasantly replied. "The car is off the track, and I don't wish to remain where my presence would act as a check on any emphatic remarks which those half-dozen gentlemen may desire to make."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A young blood of San Francisco, much given to quizzing people, went into a restaurant the other day, and with a great flourish took a seat at one of the tables. A waiter approached. "What have you got to eat?" asked the customer. "Oh, got almost everything." "You have, eh?" "Yes, sir." "Almost everything; will you give me a plate of that?" he said, looking earnestly at the waiter. The waiter returned his gaze, and, catching the fellow's idea of quizzing him, he yelled to the cook at the further end of the room: "One plate of hash!"

Meat Killed at a Distance.

Some bold experimenters buy the best class of cattle in Chicago, kill there, and take the dressed meat to the Philadelphia markets in ice-packed cars kept at a temperature below 35°. The meat is sold directly to the consumers (not the butchers) at a reduction of thirty-four per cent. on the usual price. It is of the finest grain and quality, and is in every respect superior to the flesh of cattle brought on the hoof from the West in overheated cars, ill supplied with both food and water. So great has been the success of this experiment in Philadelphia that in a fortnight's time the butchers, who were preparing to raise their prices to starvation height in the prospect of the Centennial, have been forced to reduce them five cents per pound, and there is hope that when the enterprise becomes established and widens its operations meat will be permanently cheapened.

Publican—"Your dog's very fat, sir. Pray what do you feed him on?" Traveler—"Well, he has no particular meals; but whenever I take a glass of ale I give him a biscuit, you know!"